Dean/Castiel, Castiel likes to hurt Dean almost as much as he likes to heal him.

NC-17, shameless PWP.

Castiel is experimenting with how much damage his nails can do to human flesh, and leaves long scratches down Dean's arms. Dean shudders in his hold and leans forward to bite Castiel's shoulder, but that's his only protest.

Castiel smooths a hand over the gouges and they're healed like magic, and Dean kisses him.

Castiel kisses back, resting his hands on Dean's hips, then gripping them tight enough to bruise as he pulls Dean back. "On your stomach," he says, and Dean gives him a look before turning.

The motel room is silent and dark as Dean settles on the bed, arching his hips up. Castiel examines him with his eyes and fingers, always on the edge of too-rough, wounding as he pinches and spreads Dean's legs.

He can't explain exactly what need drives Dean to let him be hurt over and over again by Castiel during their lovemaking, but he can't resist forming another bruise, or drawing blood here.

He doesn't prepare Dean at all, thrusting in, and he knows it hurts terribly, but he heals any torn spots with a thought and settles completely in Dean, hands splayed on Dean's back.

Dean's choking out moans, gripping the bed, and Castiel knows he's aroused and if he weren't pressed tight against the bed he'd be rocking himself into the sheets.

So Castiel puts his hands on Dean's hips and drags him up so Dean's forced to all-fours and he begins to thrust, hard into Dean, then out, almost entirely so, and he's healing Dean's pains as he goes, digging his fingers into Dean's hips too-hard again.

Dean whimpers, and Castiel nearly jerks at the sound. It's a shot to groin, and his nerves are already strained, feeling Dean under him and struggling to move, but Castiel's holding his hips still, and not letting him control any of this.

When Dean starts to move a hand towards his cock, Castiel grabs his wrist and says "No."

Dean groans out Castiel's name, and Castiel thrusts into him again, coming hard, and Dean comes soon after.

Castiel lets him drop to the bed, then climbs in next to him, covering them with a blanket, and holds Dean close, gentle now, healing all of his pains now.

Dean whispers Castiel's name and tucks close, and Castiel kisses his forehead, knowing everything Dean means.